

NO. 26.

Skate Courting In New England.
A sensitive New Englander, writing from Massachusetts last week, acknowledges himself caught, and asks if he was not justified by the circumstances, which he relates in the following language:

"Well sir, I have caught the skating fever, which is now raging so furiously. I heard her express a wish for a pair of skates, and the next day she had the best pair that could be found in the city, and nobody knew who sent them to her. We went down upon the ice, and there that little devil of a Mary just sat quietly down, ordered her skates, and in a few minutes she was afloat, and, my lap, and bid me put on her skate. Sir! had Venus dropped down from Heaven, and bid me rub her down with rotten-stone and oil, it could not have astonished me more than when that divine bot was

placed in my worthy lap. I felt very faint—but I buckled on the skates, and stood up with Mary by my side. Have you ever taught a woman how to skate? No; well, let me tell you. You're seen a kaleidoscope, with a few old bits of glass, &c., in a tin tube, and turning it, have seen all sorts of beautiful figures. Just imagining a kaleidoscope, and in place of beads and broken glass, please substitute blue eyes, curving eye-lashes, lips,

vorry, wavy hair, crimson, gaiter boots, zenith, worsted,
 cupids, beads, darts, a clasp of thunder, a flash of light-
 ning, and "and Nick."
 Imagine yourself the centre of a system with all these
 things revolving round you, and a violet bank breathing
 life upon you all the while, and you have Mary's
 before you. First, she is a lesson. "First, Mary, I start
 —she on my left arm all square. First, Mary's dear
 little gaiter boots press themselves to my astonished
 vision, and before I have time to wonder how they came
 up before me, I feel them, pressing their blessed beauty,
 with emphasis, into the pit of my stomach." Next scene
 —wavy hair, with a \$30 bouret and a divine head, came

pitching into my waistcoat, with such force that I feel the buttons against my spine. Next—Mary gazes up at me from between my jack boots, and anon her besed little nose is thrust into my shirt bosom. Ah! my friend, all research and study on the mysterious subject of woman has been comparatively in vain till, in the eventful year of 1859, the fashion of skating has opened new and various sources of information. Do you remember your first attempt at driving tandem? Do you remember how that infernal perverse beast that you selected for

a leader, would insist upon turning short round, and staring you in the face, as if to ask, "what the deuce you'd be at?" Well, just you go and try a woman on skates, that's all—just try it. Ah! won't you come to the conclusion that women have sundry and divers ways of accomplishing their objects? Dear Mary! I offered myself to her every time she turned up or came round. I am hers.

A PRINTER'S CHRISTMAS.—The editor of the *Sandy* writes to his printer, "I have a few good words to say to you at this season."

Hill Herald says that on Christmas Eve an express delivered to him an exceedingly mysterious box. After paying the charge—38 cents—being just the amount of money he had by him—he proceeded with nervous hands to examine its contents. He says: "The cover is removed, when our eyes were gladdened with the sight of a fine, fat turkey. The next thing brought to light was a demijohn marked "O Tar." What in the world is O Tar? It must mean Old Tar; but what in the world induced any one to send us *old* or *new* tar! We haven't

got any wagon; and as for getting up a bonfire for the benefit of the "Republicans" we are not in the humor. We have it! We will sell it to the lively man. Called on him, and he said he did not use tar, but grease, on his wagons. Brought it back to the office, in not very good humor, still wondering why it was sent to us. Resolved finally to draw the cork. Did so. It wasn't tar. Smelt of it. Knew by the smell that it wasn't, tasted of it, and became fully satisfied that it wasn't tar. Tasted again—knew it wasn't tar. Tasted again, and then

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drew up a resolution declaring, in the most emphatic terms, that it wasn't tar. Tasted again, and then entered the resolution among the regular proceedings, to make it sure that it wasn't tar. Tasted again, and felt very happy. Tasted again and soon became very rich, and resolved to give our cottage to a poor widow, and purchase the elegant mansion over the way—to donate our office to Jabe, and buy out the New York Ledger. Gave the "devil" a \$20 gold piece for Christmas, and promised him a round \$100 for New Year's. Bought

—A \$5,000 pair of rugs and a single cushioned with scarlet velvet and decorated with gold and pears. Ordered from the South a darkey driver and postman, whose face shown like a glass bottle under a direct sun ray.—Went over to the Union, and told Fred to send every poor family in town a barrel of Julian Mills' flour and nameless other articles to render them comfortable.—Bought all the wood in market, and ordered it to be sent immediately to the aforesaid poor families. Gave each of the clergymen in town \$1,000; adopted fourteen orphan girls and fifteen orphan boys; run around and paid

all debts, (what printer on earth ever done that?) kisses (before we thought) a pretty girl who called to wish us a merry Christmas, (*somebody* looked unpleasant when this happened;) settled this matter by ordering a \$1,000 shawl, and a set of furs costing an equal amount; put on our slippers, (imagining that we heard music;) did hear music; for *somebody* came near being kicked out of bed. Alas! we were only dreaming.

Abolition of Passport Regulations in France.

The following is from the London News, of the 19th of January:

We learn by telegraph from Paris that the Moniteur of yesterday morning contained a ministerial notification of the entire abolition of the *visa* for passports, and that in future no *visa* whatever will be necessary in France either for French subjects or foreigners. If, as we sincerely trust, there is no mistake in this announcement, we may congratulate the French government on its good fortune. It has been reserved for it to take the first and noblest step towards the abolition of its passport system, which has made even our journey of its progress.

course to which the good sense and courage of our predecessors were not equal, and by an act which costs no trouble, entails no sacrifice, imperils no interests, to make a substantial addition to the personal liberty of every man woman and child in France, whether citizen or stranger. The Emperor of the French well knows that in abolishing the vexatious and irritating regulation which have so long embarrassed the movements of his own subjects and of foreign visitors to France, he surrenders no security which either the State or the people enjoy. In fact it has long been well understood that

the only use of passports was to maintain patronage by multiplying places and gathering in fees. A small patronage is the cheap price at which the Emperor buys liberty for the people of the two first countries in Europe to come and go freely on each other's territories.

The abolition of passports is a measure far in advance of the immediate intentions of the French government. On consulting Tuesday's *Moniteur* we find that the reserve under which we referred to the reported abolition of passport *visa* in France, was most necessary. The

A THEOREY FOR THE PREVENTION OF YELLOW FEVER.—In conversation yesterday with a friend on 'the subject of yellow fever, he advanced the following novel theory for the prevention of that disease: He proposes to build

in the central part of the city a chimney one hundred and fifty feet high, having a flue four feet square through it. A steam engine of, say, two hundred horse power would create a downward draft, bringing the pure air circulating high above the malaria, down to the earth to be then received in air vessels, similar to gasometers, and from thence distributed through pipes over the city, and into each bed-room, to be turned on by a faucet like water, at the option of the occupant. The gentleman assures us that by this means he can reduce the drain, now down to 35 d.

temperature of a room from 100 degrees down to 60 degrees in twenty minutes, and a fever issued never to exist in a temperature below 70 degrees. He maintains that the object could be accomplished. It would seem that the fixtures would be useful only in summer; but the same gentleman suggests that by building a large fire, the sun could be heated and used in the manner before described, and thus avoid the necessity of fires in our grates.

We throw out this theory of artificial air for what it is worth. We may remark, though, that while it might prevent *tailor-fog* with those who would be content

to remain after night-fall within doors, (who, by the way, even now, rarely take the fever,) it would be utterly impracticable to apply it to the great body of the population of a city, and especially to the very class who are most liable to the disease.

Savannah (Ga.) Rep.

